The Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From *Friday July* 15. to *Monday July* 18.

THO' moſt Women are fond of ridiculing one another, it was always my Temper to extenuate, rather than aggravate the Frailties of my own Sex, when at the ſame time, I have bluſh'd for other Womens Infirmities, as much as if they had been my own; if a Lady appears *impertinently Talkative*, and will rather ſermonize than converſe, I impute it to her Youth; Nature has given her a ready Wit, which Time and Experience will ripen to a good Judgment, for every Woman that talks well, muſt think before ſhe ſpeaks; if a Lady appears *Ruſtick*, *Awkard*, and *Ill-bred*,—what can be expected from a Country Education? *Plays*, *Drawing-Rooms*, and *Obſervation* in Company, will inſenſibly bring her into an eaſy Method; or if an agreeable young Creature is always ſetting her Hair, altering her Patches, and practiſing Airs in a Looking-Glaſs, then every body allows her to be a *fine Woman*; Men have flatter'd her into a Deity, but *Matrimony* will ſoon convince her, ſhe muſt have Charms of Mind as well as Body, to ſecure a Heart, her Beauty drew into that fatal Snare.—But as this Paper is impartially to laugh at the Foibles of both Sexes, I think my ſelf oblig'd to publiſh the following Letter.

To Mrs. Crackenthorpe.

Madam,

'ABove a hundred Gentlemen having 'been intolerably affronted by two 'ridiculous affected *Barr-Keepers*, *viz. Re-* 'becca *Rheniſh* near *Lincoln's-Inn great Gate*, 'and *Winifred Whitewine* by the *May-pole* in 'the *Strand*, deſire the favour of you to impart 'their Characters to the Town. Theſe Crea- 'tures are wondrous great Cronies, and al- 'ways together when Buſineſs will permit; 'they ſend a Drawer every Morning to know 'how one another does, and moſt Evenings 'to keep 'em Places in the Box, where they 'Elbow Women of the firſt Quality, in 'tawdry Painted Calicoes, Waſh'd Gloves, 'and Steel Croſſes,—— *Lord*, ſays Rheniſh, 'here's horrid Company to Night, I don't ſee one 'Woman tolerably well dreſs'd,—*Ay*, ſays White- 'wine, *and as Ill-bred as if they came out of* 'the City; *I have courtiſy'd to five or ſix Ladies*, 'and becauſe they don't know me, they had not 'the Manners to return it again,; their Hus- 'bands might pay what they owe at our Houſes, 'before the proud Things take ſo much State up- 'on 'em.—*My Dear*, ſays Rheniſh, *don't you* 'ſee *Col.* Sturdy *yonder*; *well, he's a ſweet Man*, 'what Legs he has; and are ſo fond of Of- 'ficers, that if they ſee but a Red Coat, 'they'll run the length of a Street to look af- 'ter him: At every Review in *Hide-Park*, 'theſe *Trollops* are certainly in a Hack- 'ney, will ſtop the Coach to drink Pint 'Glaſſes with 'em at *Phillips*'s; yet wonder 'at the Liberties ſome Women take, and 'tho they are ready to eat every Fellow 'they ſee, can't believe any of their own 'Sex Virtuous but themſelves. At home, 'they are ſo very Scornful, they take An- 'tipathies to People,—*This Sett of Company* 'are the ugliеſt Fellows they ever ſaw,—*Show* 'em into a dark dirty low Room, and give 'em 'the prick'd Wine, we ſend to Funerals—ano- 'ther Sett are *rude Puppies, that paſs'd by the* 'Bar without paying her any Reſpect; a third 'are *Ideots, for having a Supper dreſs'd, and* 'not inviting her to Table; and when a Soci- 'ety ſhall ſpend ten Guineas in the Houſe, 'inſtead of—*Gentlemen, you're welcome*, they 'will make Mouths after them, and cry—— 'Such Wretches,—*Bar up the Doors, and draw* 'me a Pint of Canary, for my Stomach kecks at 'the very Idea of them*——Your Opinion Ma- 'dam, how two ſuch impertinent Things 'ought to be us'd, will infinitely oblige your 'humble Servant.

Andrew All-night.

As I never was Converſant in Taverns, I know not how Gentlemen ought to be treated there; 'tis certain, every body ought to be courteouſly us'd where they ſpend their Money, and have Reſpect paid 'em ſuitable to their Quality; I have met with ſeveral moroſe Tradeſmen, that have affronted People of Rank for undervaluing their Goods, which they bring upon themſelves; for ſometimes they ask ſo Extravagantly out of the way, Cuſtomers know not what to bid 'em; but that Grievance is eaſily redreſs'd, by avoiding ſuch Shops another time. As to theſe *Barr-Keepers*, I am inform'd, they are little more Ridiculous than the reſt of their Tribe; their Ratling, Ringing, noiſy Profeſſion gives an Aſſurance unbecoming the Character of their Sex; and by ſeeing ſuch a variety of Company, they pretend to a general Knowledge, and if Gentlemen are affronted, mimick'd, and ridicul'd by ſuch pert

Amazons,

Amazons, (amongſt whom, rarely, very rarely you find a modeſt Woman,) The Reflection I make is upon themſelves; for if Men of Eſtates would not treat them at the *Bar*, and call 'em *Dear*, and *Jewel*,—*Thou Bloſſom of a Colliflower*, or worſhip 'em with *Angel*, *Goddeſs*, *Cherubim*, and ſuch Stuff; and ſometimes lend them their Chariots, to ſtare the whole Park out of Countenance, but paſs by 'em with a cold common Civility, Mrs. *Rheniſh*, and Mrs. *Whitewine* would know their proper Diſtance, and give Companies the obliging Attendance they require.

I was carrying on this Day's Paper with ſome particular Advices I receiv'd yeſterday, but muſt defer 'em to oblige my Lady *Betty Modiſh*, who rattled five times at the Door before *Francis* could poſſibly let her in.—— *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, ſays ſhe, *if you would pleaſure all the Maiden Ladies in the Kingdom, that they may know how to chuſe Husbands, nay, the whole Sex, for we are all upon the violenteſt Titter, you muſt immediately clap this Story into Print.* Lady *Scandal* pops in with the ſame Story, but vary'd a little in the Relation; but however, as I have gather'd it from 'em both, 'tis in part as follows —— 'That five 'Baronets who have been obſerv'd to be very 'intimate for ſome Years paſt, and a ſelect 'Company to themſelves; (for tho' they uſe 'the *Smirna*, and other Coffee-Houſes, their 'Converſation extends but to one another) 'have been diſcover'd by ſome prying La'dies to underſtand *Needle-work*, and are 'very Curious in *Croſs-ſtitch*, *Bred-ſtitch*, *Iriſh-ſtitch*, &c. that they have a very great Ge'nius to *Cut-work*, *Patch-work*, and *Fillygreys*, 'and have each of 'em a Cloſet at private 'Lodgings fill'd with wonderful Curioſities of 'that kind, which their Intimates obtain the 'Favour of ſeeing; but, like the Beauties 'at *Hampton Court*, are not viſible to every 'body. Theſe *Baronets* it ſeems, have a 'Sweet-meat Club at a Confectioners in '*York Buildings*, where they meet three times 'a Week, to work a fine *Waſtcoat* for a Bro'ther *Beau's* Wedding,—Sir *Formal* did the '*Border*, Sir *Tawdry* a *Sun-Flower*, Sir *Finical* 'a *Tulip*, Sir *Plump* an *Artichoke*, and Sir '*Dapper* a *Primroſe*. The Gentleman who 'was to wear the *Waſtcoat* for their Sakes, 'walk'd about the Room with a white Wand, 'and when any one of 'em was idle, he gave 'him a rap on the Fingers, which for want 'of witty Converſation created a world of 'Laughter; and when they had finiſh'd their 'ſeveral Tasks, they refreſh'd themſelves with 'a Collation of *wet Sweet meats*, and every 'one had a Pint of *Sack* and an *Orange*. 'They hugg'd themſelves two Months with 'this mighty Secret, and thought themſelves 'very Happy in making Buſineſs a Pleaſure; 'but an odious Thing, as ugly as the Devil, 'bolting unawares into the Room, the Mat'ter was blown up, and the Ill bred Crea'ture inſtead of begging Pardon for her 'Rudeneſs, tir'd ſix pair of Horſes to carry 'the Jeſt about Town.

My Anſwer to Lady *Betty* was, That tho the Meeting was ridiculous enough, and might give Diverſion to thoſe who have nothing better to talk of; yet theſe Gentlemen are not ſo blameable as their Parents; Maſter *Neddy* being Heir to a great Eſtate, and my Lady's Darling, ſhe can't bear him out of her Sight for fear an Earthquake ſhould ſwallow him up, or a Houſe tumble down upon his Head; he muſt not go to School for the bare Thoughts of a Rod or Ferula, put her Ladyſhip upon the Rack; if he knows his Letters by Sixteen, 'tis Scholarſhip enough for one of his Eſtate. He's not ſuffer'd to have any Acquaintance for fear of ill Courſes, which would break her Ladyſhips Heart; but goes a Viſiting with my Lady, where he imbibes all Effeminacies, lies with my Lady's Woman, till ſhe begins to make Complaints, and then a Wife's provided him.—— Miſs *Jenny* is her Father's Dotage, my Lady abominates her, ſhe is ſo horrid Rude; but being a Girl of quick Parts, her Father won't have her Spirit broke.—One Moment ſhe's a ſtraddle upon a five Bar Gate—her Father is ready to die with Laughing—the next, fighting amongſt the Boys—he commends her Courage—if ſhe calls the Servants to naught---'tis Wit and Repartee: As ſhe grows up, ſhe rides a Hunting with her Father, goes to the Bowling-green with her Father; and if he'd encourage her, ſhe'd take to Smoaking and Drinking. And the Product of her Education is this, that when ſhe marries, ſhe'll certainly beat her Husband. If People had a right Management of their Children, *Miſs* would mind her *Embroidery*, and Sir *Finical* his *Books*, and *Manly Diverſions*.

*** Imoinda, *an Actreſs at* Drury-lane Play-Houſe, *Having put off her* London-Houſe, *and reſiding all the Summer at her Country Seat, would when ſhe comes to Town, Board in ſome Faſhionable Street, with a reputeable Virtuous Family, that are People of Senſe and good Converſation; ſhe is willing to give Fourſcore Pounds a Year, but expects a firſt Floor, furniſh'd after the neweſt manner, and a conſtant Table of four hot Diſhes. If ſhe brings an Actreſs home with her from* Rehearſal, *(for poor Souls, many of 'em want a Dinner) ſhe'll allow for it. And being deſirous every body ſhould know the worſt of her,----She does require a great deal of Attendance, and is a little Paſſionate, but 'tis ſoon over.*

††† Timothy Squeeze, *Hackney-Writer to Mr.* Timothy Copy-wiſe, *Solicitor in* Chancery, *finding himſelf nail'd down to* 20 l. per An. *without Perquiſites, is deſirous of better Buſineſs, and having been inform'd, by many great Politicians, that ſeveral Noble-mens Stewards, by Induſtry and ſharp ſighted Application, have got large Eſtates under them; and having throughly ſtudy'd the Nature of managing of Peoples Eſtates, who are above minding any thing themſelves, thinks himſelf truly qualify'd for ſuch a Poſt. He is to be heard of at Mr.* Brind's, *near the* Pump *in* Chancery-lane.

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